WEEKLY VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

No. 15.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1805. [WHOLE No. 119.

Bromley Melmot;

A NOVEL.

CHAP. III.

NEW CHARACTERS—OLD OPINIONS—and SOFT IMPRESSIONS.—

Continued from page 106.

THE life of Bromley passed on unmarked by any extraordinary events, till he attained the age of sixteen, when an accident happened, which, though trivial in itself, was yet productive of consequences which influenced the future actions of his life.

Returning late one evening from a visit which he frequently made to his humble protector, Paul Butley, it being a charming moon-light evening he rambled to the other side of the wood that skirted the good man's cottage. Lost in thought, reflections on his hapless mother's fate crowded fast on his mind, he wandered on, and soon arrived at the avenue which led to the gates of Lord Brancetown's summer residence. Finding he was much out of his way, he turned to go through the copse, when, at a short distance, he perceived a female struggling with a man; and presently a shriek of distress seemed to solicit his aid. Springing forward, he beheld a lovely girl, apparently about fourteen, almost fainting with terror in the arms of a gentleman, whose rude hand had torn from her bosom the muslin that covered it, and was proceeding to farther indecencies, when Bromley, with one blow, felled him down, and saved the almost lifeless female from sinking to the earth.

The prostrate stranger uttered the most dreadful execrations, and, recovering himself, aimed a blow at Melmot with the butt-end of a whip that he carried in his hand. Thoughtless of the consequences, Bromley wrested it from him, and striking him several times pretty forcibly with it, left him in a state far from agreeable, while he pursued the girl, who, screaming with terror, ran towards the village.

He overtook her just as (panting for want of breath) she sunk upon the step of a stile, and assured her he had severely corrected the villain who had insulted her.

"Oh!" cried she with artless correctness, "I hope you have not hurt him much; for Lord Brancestown, who is his father, loves him better than any thing in the world, except his horses, and will do every thing in his power to revenge himself on you, for Lord Morton hates your very name."

"Hates my name!" re-echoed Melmot: "why, does he know me? Do you, then——"

"Oh, yes," cried she, interrupting him, "he knows all about you; for Mrs. Nettleby was once his maid, and she tells him every thing when she sees him. And indeed," added she, with a gentle sigh, "every one in the village knows your story."

A glow of shame, for a few moments, passed across the cheeks of Bromley; but, recollecting himself, he resumed—"But why should he hate me?—I never injured him."

"No, sure!" she replied. "But," added she, with a careless air, "he hates all that are good and handsome, because he is neither himself."

She then rose to go, and Melmot insisted upon escorting her home.

"But how," said he, "came you to be out so late in the evening?"

In reply, she informed him—That she was the daughter of a widow, who lived in a small white house near the lawn, the neatness and beauty of which he had often admired; that Mrs. Williams, her mother being very ill, she had been to Saltash to fetch the doctor who usually attended her, leaving one of their neighbour's daughters at home to take care of her sick parent, fearing lest the girl's excessive ignorance should, by mistaking the message, occasion a delay that might prove fatal; and, returning, was vio-

lently seized by Lord Morton, who had insulted her several times before in the most gross manner. She concluded her simple recital by assuring him of her gratitude, and that of her mother, who, she said, would be very glad to see him when she was recovered from her illness.

Bromley thanked her, then pressed her hand to his lips, and, not without reluctance, left her at the door of her residence, and retired to the parsonage. To his uncle, who had been some time wondering at his absence, he made an apology, and related all that had passed, not omitting the part which concerned Mrs. Nettleby, who was present. Her eyes kindled with rage, and she replied, with a malicious sneer—"Yes! you have done very prettily, to believe such an artful, lying hussy as that. But she shall repent making use of my name, I'll engage. The whole town shall know of her and her mother—an infamous—"

The epithet that hung on her tongue was restrained by Mr. Bromley, who, with a frown of asperity which she did not presume to disregard, ordered her out of the room. Melmot exulted in his success, till he beheld the gloom that was portrayed in the countenance of his uncle; and, going up to him with a dejected air, demanded whether he had acted wrong.

Bromley was too much agitated to speak to him, but he pressed him to his bosom, and after a while muttered—— "No, my child; right—quite right;" and then left the room, to the no small astonishment of Melmot, who turned over in his mind the event of the evening; and, in spite of the aspersion that Mrs. Nettleby would have cast upon the character of the girl he had so happily rescued, he persisted in thinking her amiable, and determined, unless forbade by his uncle, to visit her frequently.

Several days passed on without their having heard any thing more of the adventure, and Melmot ventured to express a wish to go and see the daughter of Mrs. Williams. Bromley instantly assented; and at the same time expressed his intention to accompany him. The silence that reigned around the little mansion gave Melmot reasonable alarm, and they enterered the unfastened door as soon as possible. Had Maria Williams studied an attitude wherein she could display her person to advantage in the eyes of her visitors, she could not have found one more congenial to the feelings of Mr. Bromley than that in which they found her.—

One arm was supporting a woman past the prime of life, and on whose countenance was depicted the ravages of malady and grief; while the other held a cup of medicine to her pallid lips, and her mild blue eyes, raised in silence to heaven, evinced the fervency with which she prayed for its efficacy.

Mr. Bromley apologized for an intrusion that evidently disturbed them; and Maria, leading her young protector to the bed-side, introduced him to her mother, who, in the warmest terms, thanked him for her child's preservation—— The face of Mrs. Williams still retained the traces of that beauty which the chill hand of disease had almost obliterated; and her language and manners evinced her having once lived in a state of elegance, with which the homeliness of her present situation but ill accorded.

The animated smile that illlumined her languid countenance denoted her gladness to see him; and Mr. Bromley, sitting down by her bed-side, entered into conversation with her, while Melmot no less agreeably entertained Maria.

Young and innocent as she was, she saw the partiality of his attention, and her bright sparkling eyes expressed, without the least restraint, her pleasure.

The happy party were interrupted by the entrance of the medical gentleman who attended Mrs. Williams, and Bromley withdrew, attended by Melmot, promising to renew his visit in a short time.

As they crossed the lawn, Melmot demanded, with an accent of trepidation, and an eye of eagerness, his uncle's opinion of Maria.

"She is a pretty little rustic," replied Bromley, affecting an air of carelessness.

"Is that all?" said Melmot, with a tone of chagrin. "I am sure her heart is tempered with the most exquisite sensibility, and of her filial piety we have had a convincing proof."——

Mr. Bromley smiled. "You are a warm encomiast, Melmot! Beware that the sensibility of your own heart don't lead you to judge prematurely of others. Indeed, I have no reason to dislike Maria. Mrs. Williams seems a sensible, amiable woman; and I should suppose she would take care of her daughter's morals,"

Melmot irresistibly surveyed his uncle with an air of surprise and arch inquisitiveness, which for a few minutes disconcerted him; but laughing off the unusual sensation, he said gaily——

"I understand you, Melmot. You think I am interested in thinking more favorably of the mother than of the daughter; but you are mistaken: and you shall find, that if Maria be really worthy, I will be more her friend than you can imagine."

Re-animated by this assurance, Melmot felt his heart lightened of a recently acquired load, and tripped onward divested of every care. They had by this time reached the parsonage, where, to the inexpressible surprise and confusion of Melmot, they learned that Lord Brancestown was waiting to see Mr. Bromley. His countenance expressed no symptoms of astonishment, but strong traits of vexation and fear were painted in every expressive feature. In a tremulous voice he bade Melmot retire, and hastily entered the library, where his lordship waited.

After about half an hours conversation Lord Brancestown departed, and Bromley, taking his nephew by the hand, who then fearfully entered, said——

"Melmot, my dear boy, we must quit this peaceful mansion. You probably know not that Lord Brancestown is my patron. My father was his tutor; and, as soon as the Earl attained the age of discretion, was presented by him with this living; from him it was transfered to me. His revenge is now so great at your treatment of his son, which has been most basely misrepresented by the Viscount, that I have orders instantly to quit my office."

Melmot fell at the feet of his uncle, overpowered with regret. Bromley raised and embraced him. "Grieve not my dear boy; we shall yet do well. My only uneasiness is upon your ac-

count. It was my wish to leave you a genteel independence, and educate you as a gentleman. That hope is frustrated; but we must not despair. I have saved out of my annual income five hundred pounds, upon the interest of which we can for the present subsist very decently, and we have the consolatory reflection, that our misfortunes are not incurred by any act of unworthiness in ourselves.

Melmot was much affected, "Dearest, best of men!" he exclaimed in a burst of passion, "is it for me you generously grieve, who have been the cause of your ruin?"

Mr. Bromley smiled mournfully. "You are too impetuous, Melmot: the word ruin is harsh, and wholly inapplicable. Do not, by execrating yourself for an act of humanity and justice teach me to despise you."

Bromley Melmot fell on his neck, and wept like an infant. Again his uncle reproved him; and, to divert him from the distress he experienced, proposed a walk to the innocent cause of all their misfortunes. Maria tenderly sympathized in the uneasiness of Melmot; and Bromley found in the sensible and refined conversation of Mrs. Williams a temporary alleviation of his mortification. To ease her mind of the anxiety under which it labored, he made her a solemn promise, that should any thing happen to her, he would take such care of her daughter as he would if she were his own; and delicately expressed a wish that she might one day be allied to him.

Melmot, who heard this sentence, felt an immediate sensation of agony; and quitting the hand of Maria, which he was pressing (with a thousand assurances of esteem) between both of his own, leaned, pale and agitated, against the wainscot. Mr. Bromley, observing his emotion, cast at him a reproachful glance, which he instantly comprehended, and exerted himself to recover his usual serenity. Before their departure, Mrs. Williams promised, on the next day, to acquaint them with her history; and they took their leave, mutually impressed with the most favorable opinion of each other.

(To be continued.)

MR. CURRAN'S SPEECH.

Concluded.

THE other subject, namely, he was indiscreet in his confidence, does, I think, call for discussion; for I trust you see I affect not any address to your passions, by which you may be led away from the subject——I presume merely to separate the parts of this affecting case, and to lay them, item by item, before you, with the coldness of detail, and not with any coloring or display of fiction or of fancy. Honorable to himself was his unsuspecting confidence, but fatal must we admit it to have been, when we look to the abuse committed upon it: but where was the guilt of this indiscretion? He did admit this noble lord to pass his threshold as his guest. Now the charge which this noble lord builds on this indiscretion, is, "Thou fool, thou hadst confidence in my honor, and that was a guilty indiscretion——thou simpleton, thou thoughtest that an admitted and cherished guest would have respected the laws of honor and hospitality, and thy indiscretion was guilt. Thou thoughtest that he would have shrunk from the meanness and barbarity of requiting kindness with treachery, and thy indiscretion with guilt."

Gentlemen, what horrid alternative in the treatment of wives would such reasoning recommend? Are they to be immured by worse than Eastern barbarity? Are their principles to be depraved, their passions sublimated—every finer motive of action extinguished by the inevitable consequence, of thus treating them like slaves? Or is a liberal and generous confidence in them to be the passport of the adulterer, and the justification of his crimes? Honorably, but fatally for his own repose, he was neither jealous, suspicious, nor cruel. He treated the defendant with the confidence of a friend, and his wife with the tenderness of a husband. He did leave the noble marquis the physical possibility of committing against him the greatest crime which can be perpetrated against a being of an amiable heart and refined education, and the noble defendant had the honor to avail himself of it. In the middle of the day, at the moment of divine worship, when the miserable husband was on his knees, directing the prayers and thanksgiving of his congregation to their God---that moment did the remorseless adulterer choose to carry off the deluded victim from her husband—from her child—from her character—from her happiness, as if, not content to leave his crime confined to its inseparable and miserable aggravations, unless he also gave it a cast and color of factitious sacrilege and impiety. In the most odious contempt of every personal feeling, of public opinion, of common humanity, did he parade this woman to the sea-shore, whence he transported his precious cargo to a country, where her example may be less mischievous than in her own; where I agree with my learned colleague, in heartily wishing he may remain with her forever. We are too poor, too simple, too unadvanced a country, for the example of such atchievements. When the relaxation of morals is the natural growth and consequence of the great progress of arts and wealth, it is accompanied by a refinement that makes it less gross than shocking; but for such palliations we are at least a century too young.

In every point of view in which I can look at the subject, I see you are called upon to give a verdict, of bold, and just, and indignant, and exemplary compensation. The injury of the plaintiff demands it from your justice. The delinquency of the defendant provokes it by its enormity.—The rank on which he has relied with impunity, calls upon you to tell him, that crime does not ascend to the rank of the perpetrator, but the perpetrator sinks from his rank, and descends to the level of his delinquency. The style and mode of his defence is a gross aggravation of his conduct, and a gross insult upon you.

Your verdict will, I trust, put an end to that encouragement to guilt that is built upon impunity---the devil, it seems, has served the noble marquis harmless in the past; but your verdict will tell him the term of that indemnity is expired, that his old friend and banker has no more effects in his hands, and that if he draws any more upon him, he must pay his own bills himself. You will do much good by doing so; you may not enlighten his conscience, nor touch his heart, but his frugality will understand the hint. He will adopt the prudence of age, and be deterred from pursuits, in which, though he may be insensible of shame, he will not be regardless of expense. You will do more,

you will not only punish him in his tender point, but you will weaken him in his strong one, his money. There is another consideration, gentlemen, which I think most imperiously demands even a vindictive award of exemplary damages, and that is the breach of hospitality. To us peculiarly does it belong to avenge the violation of its altar. The hospitality of other countries is a matter of necessity or convention, in savage nations of the first, in polished of the latter; but the hospitality of an Irishman is not the running account of posted and ledgered courtesies, as in other countries; it springs, like all his qualities, his faults, his virtues, directly from his heart. The heart of an Irishman is by nature bold, and he confides; it is tender, and he loves; it is generous, and he gives; it is social, and he is hospitable. This sacrilegious intruder has prophaned the religion of that sacred altar, so elevated in our worship, so precious to our devotion; and it is our privilege to avenge the crime. You must either pull down the altar, and abolish the worship, or you must preserve its sanctity undebased. There is no alternative between the universal exclusion of all mankind from your threshold, and the most rigorous punishment of him who is admitted and betrays. This defendant has been so trusted, he has so betrayed, and you ought to make him a most signal example.

Gentlemen, I am the more disposed to feel the strongest indignation and abhorrence at this odious conduct of the defendant, when I consider the deplorable condition to which he has actually reduced the plaintiff, and perhaps the still more deplorable one that he has in the prospect before him. What a progress has he to travel through before he can attain the peace and tranquility which he has lost! How like the wounds of the body are those of the mind! How burning the fever! How painful the suppuration! How slow, how hesitating, how relapsing the process to convalescence!—Through what a variety of suffering, through what new scenes and changes must my unhappy client pass ere he can re-attain, should he ever re-attain that health of soul of which he has been despoiled by the cold and deliberate machinations of this practiced and gilded seducer? If, instead of drawing upon his incalculable wealth for a scanty retribution, you were to stop the progress of his despicable atchievements by reducing him to actual poverty, you could not, even so, punish him beyond the scope of his offence, nor reprise the plaintiff beyond the measure of his suffering. Let me remind you, that in this action the law not only impowers you, but that its policy commands you to consider the public example, as well as the individual injury, when you adjust the amount of your verdict. I confess, that I am most anxious that you acquit yourselves worthily upon this important occasion. I am addressing you as fathers, husbands, brothers. I am anxious that a feeling of those high relations should enter into and give dignity to your verdict. But I confess it, I feel a tenfold solicitude when I remember that I am addressing you as my countrymen, as Irishmen, whose characters as jurors, as gentlemen, must find either honor or degradation in the result of your decision.—Small as must be the distributive share of that national estimation that can belong to so unimportant an individual as myself, yet do I own that I am tremblingly solicitous for its fate——But why stoop to think at all of myself, when I know that you gentlemen of the jury, when I know that our country itself are my clients on this day, and must abide the alternative of honor or of infamy as you shall decide. I will not dare to despond. I have every trust and hope and confidence in you; and to that hope I will add my most fervent prayer to the God of all truth and justice, so to raise and enlighten, and fortify your minds, that you may so decide, as to preserve to yourselves, while you live, the most delightful of all recollections, that of acting justly, and to transmit to your children, the most precious of all inheritances, the memory of your virtue.

THE DUMB WOMAN.

A TALE.

Imitated from Rabelais.

DOWN somewhere in the hundreds of Kent, where the people are blunt and rough, at least not half so polite as they are in London, there dwelt an honest smuggler, who neither feared God, nor the king, nor both houses of parliament, nor all the courts of justice in the realm, nor the reproaches of the fair dealer, nor the reproaches of his own conscience. This man was, however, so wrong-headed, so dull in his understanding and apprehension, as to marry a dumb wife. We will not examine into his motives; perhaps he wanted a woman who was likely to tell no tales to gossips about his way of conducting his worldly affairs; she brought him some money, and that was a great matter; so that if a woman's goodness was to consist in being as mute as a fish, many imagined he would have been equally pleased with the representative of the good woman at St. Giles's, that is, with one without a head. But how vain are all conjectures, when they strive to pierce into the recesses of man's intellects! This honest smuggler became tired of his wife because she could not speak; but as the laws of the land would not allow him a divorce, unless in case of adultery, he thought it most adviseable, as when the old one's gone there seldom comes a better, to have himself cured of his melancholy moments for want of some one to chat to, and her of her dumbness, by calling in the aid of physic and surgery. Those illustrious sons of Galen, such as the Rocks, the Franks, and the Lowthers, were principally consulted, because they always promise infallible cures: and indeed cured she was, for they slit her tongue, as is done with magpies, and cut the thread of it to the environs of the windpipe. Never was there known such a volubility of speech, such a rotundity of long-winded periods as she was incessantly afterwards endowed with. You would swear that she designed to make full amends for all the past idleness of her tongue. What should the inconsiderate husband now do, harrassed and teased as he was, out of his life by a perpetual clack? He ran back to his Hippocrates, praying and conjuring him, that as much of his scientific faculties as he set in action for making his wife chatter, so much he would employ for keeping her in a due medium between silence and speaking. Then the physician, confessing that his medical knowledge suffered great limitation in so delicate a point told him, that it was true he had the power of making the woman speak; but that a much more powerful art was required for keeping her silent. Notwithstanding all the insurmountable difficulties he alleged, the poor husband continued supplicating, beseeching, pressing, insisting and persisting,

till the learned doctor discovered in a corner of the registers of his brain, an only and specific remedy against the whirligig motion of the wife's tongue, and this remedy was to make the husband deaf. Well then, this is very fine, said the husband, let me see, of the two evils which will be the worse, either to hear my wife speak, or to hear nothing myself? I'll take a little time to deliberate which to choose. During the deliberation, the physician made the husband take some doses of physic, by way of preparing only, as he said, his body for a radical cure; or as it is expressed in the art, in the view of premising universals. These universals, however, shortly operated upon him to the degree of bringing on a total deafness, and the more disagreeable, as his deliberation was still in a state of indecision. What added to the mischief was, a demand from the doctor of fees still unpaid. The husband could hear nothing of all this, for he was really deaf; and if he could, he was not willing to hear, as he never paid money but when he could not help it. Still the doctor by plain signs, and very significative gestures, demanded money and money he must have; but in such case gestures and signs were as little understood, and so were bills and written notices; for he pretended that the drugs he had taken, had more deprived him of his intellects than of his hearing. In short, the doctor saw himself obliged to cure his deafness before he could make him hear and understand payment; and the moment the husband found his ears to rights, he burst out a laughing, rubbing and crossing the palm of the doctor's hand with five guineas; but soon after upon recollection he wept bitterly swearing that he should never hear God thunder, whilst he heard his wife speak. From all this results this moral conclusion, that in case of any thing amiss with women, it is best to leave them as they are, to themselves, to their own management and discretion, without thinking to meliorate them by remedies foreign to their nature, for fear of making bad worse.

ANECDOTE OF A NUN.

AT the time the English army was in Portugal, under lord Townshend, and count de Lippe, the following adventure happened to an ensign in a regiment there.

One morning as he was at breakfast, a friar much of the same liberal turn of mind in regard of gallantry, with Dryden's father Dominic, waited on him, and after the usual jargon of poverty and pennance, told him that he had a letter for him from one of the sisterhood of his convent, which he brought out of pure charity, supposing it contained some wholesome admonitions tending to reform him. The young gentleman opened the letter with great eagerness, and to his utmost surprise, found it written in English, and from a lady, begging in the most earnest terms, that he would contrive to deliver her from the miseries of her confinement. The officer, thinking his fair incognita was well acquainted with her messenger before she would have trusted him, asked the friar if he could see the lady. Not unless you put on the habit of our order, replied the priest, which I have prepared for you.

It may be imagined our gallant Englishman complied; for, in about half an hour, he was introduced to a most lovely young creature, who with tears and blushes, hoped he would forgive the method she took to obtain his protection, that she was an English woman and second daughter to a roman catholic merchant of immense fortune, who took her as it were, upon a visit of pleasure to Lisbon, and then buried her in a monastery, in order to gratify his ambition in the matching of her elder sister.

The friar is an Irishman, she continued, and knows my family; he will do all in his power to assist my escape, as, if it be effected, I can amply reward him. A council of war was now called on the means of getting out of the convent; when it was agreed, that the friar should let them out at midnight, and, in order to prevent enquiry or pursuit, report, that she had drowned herself; a death which foreigners think, happens every day in England to young women disappointed in love, or wounded deeply by other strong passions. The plot succeeded, and the officer was married next morning to the fair apostate to perpetual virginity.

However, it was thought most advisable, while the troops continued in Portugal, for the lady to appear in man's apparel. Upon her return to England, she found her elder sister dead, and her father in despair, for being, as he supposed, the cause of his second daughter's making away with herself. She waited upon him with her husband, and a new relation he had never seen.

The old man fainted with surprise and joy in his daughter's arms; and this meeting terminated in the reconciliation and happiness of all parties.

SKETCH OF A MOMENTARY SCENE FROM NATURE.

CALLING the other day to see a friend, I found, that during my absence, he had been made happy by the birth of a son, the first child with which his lovely partner had blessed him;—With an honest ardor he insisted on introducing me to the apartment of his wife—The laws of custom gave way to the desire of friendship, and I attended him—with pensive look and down-cast eye the tender mother sat smiling upon the babe; her cheek had lost its wonted dye; but upon seeing me it was tinged, with a momentary flush—what interesting softness!—A most enchanting languor hung upon her frame; the tear of tenderness shone in her eye, while still she smiled on the babe;—As the father entered the room he stole a glance towards his treasure, he thought himself unnoticed—it was the look of love and tenderness ineffable—it was all the feeling mind can possibly conceive;—She chid him for bringing me to witness her situation;—it was the chiding of love;—he answered with a kiss.

Imagination brought this scene home to me—I before felt that purest of pleasures which proceeds from seeing others happy—but when Anna's image (which is always with me) was viewed in this light—I was lost, and e'er I was aware, I found the most *generous tear that ever flowed from the source of sensibility, trickling* down my cheek.

Such is the inexpressible pleasure which a sympathetic mind derives from virtuous love.

[FROM AN ENGLISH PAPER.]

THE BARBER BEWITCHED.

Surry adjourned Sessions.

THIS was a case of some notoriety. The prisoner, William Davis, a penny barber by trade, stood indicted for an assault upon Miss Catherine Sadler, the daughter of a respectable elderly gentleman, residing at a place called the Folly, near Dock Head.

The prosecutrix, Miss Sadler, was a remarkably pretty girl, about sixteen years of age, with fine, full, expressive dark eyes, fair complexion, and animated countenance; her stature above middle size, was elegant and graceful, and her deportment in Court bespoke propriety, modesty, and good breeding. The prisoner was about five and twenty, rather under size, his features were coarse and unmeaning, and his complexion nearly that of an African, his person mean, his dress shabby, and his manners vulgar and uncouth.

The young lady stated, that on Sunday, the 3d of June last, as she was returning from church, with a female friend, about five o'clock in the afternoon, the prisoner (who was well known by the nick-name of *Jago*) crossed the street from his own house, and, seizing her in a most violent manner, with one hand round her neck, and the other round her waist, attempted to kiss her. She immediately shrieked aloud; a Mr. Newman came to her assistance, and rescued her from the rough embraces of the prisoner; her cloathes were very much abused and soiled by him, he being all over filth and dirt; a croud of people then assembled about him, and the prisoner called out to them. "Leave her alone, she is my lawful wife, and I'll do what I please with her," and he still persisted in continuing with her. He said, he had his nativity, and she certainly was to be his lawful wife.

He had been pursuing this sort of conduct for near five years, continually persecuting her, and frequently making use of opprobrious words and indecent expressions.

On her cross-examination by Mr. Nolan she denied having any intercourse or acquaintance with the prisoner, further than serving him, as she would the other customers of her father's shop, and thanking him as he went away, in usual manner. He lived a few doors from her father's; but as to the extent of his practice in shaving, she knew nothing about it.

Miss Lucy, the young lady who had accompanied her from church, and Mr. Newman, who rescued her, both corroborated her testimony as far as related to the assault.

Mr. Sadler, the father, who called the prisoner *Jago*, stated the various and repeated insults offered by the prisoner to his daughter; but he forbore to repeat the indecent language he had made use of. On his cross-examination, as to a sum of 100l. as a portion with his daughter, he was so indignant, that his passion made his answers unintelligible.

Mr. Nolan, in a very poetical and lively address, entered into the defence of the prisoner.—

He observed, that he was a poor penny barber, who had been smitten by the resplendant charms of Miss Sadler; her eyes to him, poor fellow, had proved sharper than his own razor, and in spite of all his attentions, and in defiance of his long and unalterable attachment, she had the cruelty to leave him in the *suds*; as had been stated, his nativity was cast, and what between love and witchcraft, the lady and the fortune-teller, he had been in some measure deprived of intellect.

Love, dire love, was the cause of his folly, and his residence was appropriate with his present state of mind. Love had its sweets and its thorns, and what was to the lady an inconvenience, was to his poor client a dreadful misfortune; for, instead of the soft and silken chains of Hymen, which he sought, he met with far different ones in the jail where he had been confined fourteen days, not having been able to procure bail. Upon the whole of the case, he submitted, it was such a one as the Jury would feel themselves justifiable in acquitting the prisoner, but should they think otherwise he trusted in the lenity of the Court.

The Jury found the prisoner guilty—the Court observing, that no person, of the appearance of the prosecutrix, should be persecuted, by the insults of a person of the prisoner's description.—He was sentenced to a fortnight's imprisonment, and to find security for his future good behavior.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, January 12, 1805.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 42 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of *CONSUMPTION* 9—convulsions 6—casualties, (a child of 4 years old burnt to death, and a man accidentally shot) 2—childbed 1—decay 3—dropsy 4—dysentary 1—hives 1—typhus fever 1—inflammation of the head 1—inflammation of the stomach 1—lethargy 1—locked jaw 1—lunacy 1—peripneumony 1—pleurisy 1—worms 1—and 6 of the *SMALL POX!!!*

Of the whole number 5 were of and under the age of 1 year—6 between the age of 1 and 2—4 between 2 and 5—1 between 5 and 10—1 between 10 and 20—5 between 20 and 30—4 between 30 and 40—7 between 40 and 50—4 between 50 and 60—and 5 between 60 and 70.

19 men—7 women—7 boys—9 girls

—SHIPWRECK.—

[*A late number of the Greenock Advertiser, contains the following melancholy account of the loss of a Sweedish Ship, and her crew, upon the Goodwin Sand.*]

On the 25th Sept. at day-break, a large ship was discovered upon the Goodwin-Sand, without her masts, her crew running to and fro in great agitation, waving and shouting to a number of boats which had put off from the Deal in the hope of saving their lives, or of picking up any thing that might float from the wreck. The sea however, run so high, that none of the boats could approach near enough to take out people, without the almost cer-

tain consequence of being dashed to pieces against the vessel, or buried in the waves.

About nine o'clock the sea increasing with the flood, the boats were under the necessity of withdrawing nearer to the shore, when the poor men, concieving themselves abandoned to the mercy of the waves, expressed their apprehension by the most affecting gestures. One boat, however, returned, and had the good fortune to rescue from the billows one of the crew, who, more resolute than the rest, threw himself overboard, and swam towards her.—— This boat frequently got very near the wreck, in the hope that some other of the crew might be induced to follow the example: but none were found bold enough to hazard the attempt.

About noon, the sea began to break over her, and in a short time the poop and forecastle parted from the middle: when three men upon the former, and one upon the latter, were buried in the deep. The rest of the crew, apparently thirty in number, crowded together upon the remaining part, still keeping their eyes fixed upon the boat, but when they saw it in its departure, which self-preservation rendered necessary, the extinction of their only hope, no language can describe the agony of despair that seemed to seize the poor wretches, and which they expressed in the most frantic motions and gestures.

The sight, Capt. Brown says, compelled him to quit the deck, and when in about five minutes, he returned and cast his eyes towards the wreck, all was still! no appearance remaining of any part of the unfortunate crew, who, as he emphatically observes, must have experienced the pain of twenty deaths, during the long interval that preceded the last dreadful wave that put a period to their sufferings.

The black Sea Trout, frequently mentioned by travellers, as living in a lead cistern in Dumbarton Castle, died in October last, supposed from a fright, after being confined there upwards of thirty years. It weighed about two pounds, and was quite grey about the mouth.

MARRIED,

On the 4th Nov. last, Mr. Anthony Post, to Miss Mary Everitt, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, Mr. Philip Clapp, to Mrs. Margaret Vredenburgh.

Lately in Cambridgeshire, (Eng.) Mr. James Gordon, a Sergeant in his Majesty's service, to Miss Nancy Pitcher, with a fortune of 5000l. Miss Pitcher was in the constant habit of attending the parade, where the fine figure, and manly appearance of the Serjeant added to the adroitness with which he performed the military manœuvres, made a deep impression on her heart. She was not long in disclosing her passion for him; for one evening a friend of her's called the Sergeant from the parade and acquainted him with her inviolable attachment. The gallant son of Mars, who had fought and bled in defence of his country, anticipating the pleasure of spending the remainder of his days in the arms of beauty, and in the enjoyment of domestic and conjugal felicity, immediately closed with the proposal; soon after the nuptials were celebrated, and mirth and conviviality closed the joyful scene.

(Lon. pap.

At Amity, on the 10th inst. Mr. Garret Decker, of Brimstone-hill, to the delicate Miss Keziah Gardenhouse of Mare's Point, both near Skunk's Misery, in the village of Mount Eve.

In Germany, the celebrated dramatic writer Kotzebue, to Miss Von Kersell.

DIED,

Suddenly, on Saturday last, in an apoplectic fit, Mr. Frederick Rhinelander, merchant.

On Wednesday morning, the 9th, Mr. Abraham Evening.

On Monday last, Mrs. Eleanor Burras

BURTUS & CRANE,

BOOK-BINDERS, BOOKSELLERS, AND STATIONERS,

No. 80, CHERRY-STREET, one Door West of New-Slip,

HAVE constantly on hand, and for sale on reasonable terms, a general assortment of BOOKS and STATIONARY——Also, BLANK BOOKS, of various descriptions.

N. B. Merchant's Account Books Ruled and Bound to any pattern, at the shortest notice.

LOTTERY TICKETS,

In Whole, Halves, Quarters, or Eighths, in Lottery No. III, for the Encouragement of Literature.——

☞ A Correct Numerical Book kept.——TICKETS, REGISTERED and EXAMINED as above.

Dr. JACKSON respectfully acquaints his friends and the public in general, that he intends giving a Concert (selected from his own Compositions) and Ball, at the City Hotel, Broadway, on Tuesday evening, January 22.

Tickets $1 each, to be had of Dr. J. No. 2, Pine-st.

JUST PUBLISHED,

By Ming and Young, and to be had of Gaine and Ten Eyck, 148, Pearl-Street, and of most other Booksellers in this city,

GAINE'S

NEW-YORK POCKET ALMANAC,

Containing in addition to its usual information,

A LIST

Of the Military Officers of the city and county of New-York, with their grades in the respective Regiments. *Price 25 cents.*

VALUABLE INFORMATION

to those who are subject to the Tooth-ach.

BARDWELL'S Tooth-ach drops, the only Medicine yet discovered which gives immediate relief from this tormenting pain.

Since this efficacious medicine was first made public, many thousand persons have experienced its salutary effects. The following recent case is selected from a numerous list.

Extract of a letter recently received.

Gentlemen,

"I had been tormented with the most excruciating pain in my teeth and face for nearly two months, and could obtain no relief from various medicines which I tried. Being strongly recommended to try Bardwell's Tooth-Ache Drops, I procured a bottle, and applied them according to the directions, and also bathed the side of my face with them, which was exceeding sore, occasioned by the long continuance of violent pain. In a few minutes after I applied this valuable medicine, the pain entirely ceased, and has never troubled me since. I feel real pleasure in making this acknowledgment of their merit, not only in compliment to you for so happy a discovery, but to insure the public confidence in a medicine so highly deserving, and from which mankind are likely to derive such eminent services. It is certainly the most efficacious medicine I ever heard of. You have my permission to make this letter public.

ELIZABETH CASEMORE,

No. 15, Thomas-Street, New-York.

Price One Dollar.

Sold by appointment at Messrs. Ming & Young's, No. 192 Water-Street, Mr. Lawrence Bowers, 433 Pearl-street, & wholesale and retail at Stokes & Co's. Medicine Warehouse, No. 20, Bowery-lane.

THE DYING DAUGHTER TO HER MOTHER.

By Mrs. Opie.

MOTHER, when these unsteady lines
Thy long averted eyes shall see,
This hand that writes, this heart that pines,
Will cold, quite cold, and tranquil be.

That guilty child so long disowned
Can then, blest thought! no more offend;
And, shouldst thou deem my crimes atoned,
O deign my orphan to befriend:—

That orphan, who with trembling hand
To thee will give my dying prayer;—
Canst thou my dying prayer withstand,
And from my child withhold thy care?

O raise the veil which hides her cheek;
Nor start her mother's face to see,
But let her look thy love bespeak.—
For, once that face was dear to thee.

Gaze on,—and thou'lt perchance forget
The long the mournful lapse of years,
Thy couch with tears of anguish wet,
And e'en the guilt which caused those tears;

And in my pure and artless child
Thou'lt think her mother meets thy view;
Such as she was when life first smiled,
And guilt by name alone she knew.

Ah! then I see thee o'er her charms
A look of fond affection cast;
I see thee clasp her in thine arms,
And in the present loose the past.

But soon the dear illusion flies;
The sad reality returns;
My crimes again to memory rise,
And, ah! in vain my orphan mourns.

Till suddenly some keen remorse,
Some deep regret, her claims shall aid,
For wrath that held too long its course,
For words of peace too long delayed.

For pardon (most, alas! denied
When pardon might have snatch'd from shame)
And kindness, hadst thou kindness tried,
Had checked my guilt, and saved my fame.

And then thou'lt wish, as I do now,
Thy hand my humble bed had smooth'd,
Wip'd the chill moisture off my brow,
And all the wants of sickness sooth'd.

For, oh! the means to sooth my pain
My poverty has still denied;
And thou wilt wish, ah! wish in vain,
Thy riches had those means supplied.

Thou'lt wish with keen repentance wrung,
I'd closed my eyes upon thy breast;
Expiring, while thy faultering tongue
Pardon in kindest tones expressed.

O sounds which I must never hear!
Through years of woe my fond desire!
O mother, spite of all, most dear!
Must I unblest by thee expire?

Thy love alone I call to mind,
And all thy past disdain forget,—
Each keen reproach, each frown unkind,
That crushed my hopes when last we met.

But when I saw that angry brow,
Both health and youth were still my own;
O mother! couldst thou see me now,
Thou couldst not have the heart to frown.

But see! my orphan's cheek displays
Both youth and health's carnation dies,
Such as on mine in happier days
So fondly charmed thy partial eyes.

Grief o'er her bloom a veil now draws,
Grief her loved parent's pangs to see:
And when thou think'st upon the cause,
That paleness will have charms for thee:

And wilt thou fondly press that cheek,
Bid happiness its bloom restore,
And thus in tenderest accents speak,
"Sweet orphan thou shalt mourn no more."

But wilt thou thus indulgent be?
O! am I not by hope beguiled?
The long, long anger shown to me,
Say, will it not pursue my child!

And must she suffer for my crime?
Ah! no;—forbid it, gracious Heaven!
And grant, O grant! in thy good time,
That she be loved, and I forgiven!

THE IRISH ANGLER.

AN Irishman, angling one day on the Liffey,
Which runs down by Dublin's great city so fine,
A smart show'r of rain falling, Pat in a Jiffey,
Crept under the arch of the bridge with his line.

Why, that's not the place to accomplish your wishes,
Cried Dermot; there devil a bite will you get.
Och botter! says Pat, *don't you know that the fishes*
Will flock under here to keep out of the wet.

N. SMITH,

Chymical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel, Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pomatums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness and chops, leaves them quite smooth, 2s.—4s per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

LITERATURE.

The subscriber highly sensible of the importance of the trust committed to him as a Teacher of English-Literature, thankfully remembers the liberal encouragement of his employers to him in the line of his business, and assures them that he will to the utmost of his ability continue to instil in the minds of his Pupils, with energy every part of instruction, which may have a tendency to promote their present and future usefulness; the subscriber respectfully informs his employers and the public in general, that he purposes opening an evening School on the first evening of October next. And conscious of his having reciprocally discharged his duty to those committed to his care, in communicating useful knowledge, teaching strict decorum, virtue, and morality, he flatters himself of further liberal encouragement in the line of his business. He continues as usual to give lessons to Ladies and Gentlemen at their own dwellings, particularly in the new System of Penmanship, wherein he will accomplish them in three months. Or can materially improve the hand in writing by a few lessons.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages, Indentures, Wills, Leases, Powers, Bonds &c. &c. on the most reasonable terms.

W. D. LEZELL.

New-York, No. 17, Banker-street.

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